# Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. I. NOVEMBER, 1897. No. 11.

Miss Stein's Mission School, Fresno, Cal.

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

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# HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper will be published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and will represent in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. The aim will be to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds will be general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor; Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., will have charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt will have charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

**Note the remarkably low terms:** Subscription price per year, twenty cents. Ten copies and upwards to one address yearly, ten cents each.

Pastors, Sunday-School Superintendents, and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

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# Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson.*

Vol. I. NOVEMBER, 1897. No. 11.


## The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

### Chinese in San Francisco.

ABOUT 25,000 Chinese live in San Francisco. They live in Chinatown, and their houses are of brick, three and four stories high. Generally a family occupies one small room. The beds are in tiers or berths, similar to those found in a steamboat. When they have one bed, the woman usually occupies it to sit upon. A small table or stand, two or three chairs or stools, and a few boxes make up the furniture of the room.

Among the foolish beliefs of the Chinese, that of ancestral worship has the strongest hold upon them, and it is the last to be given up when they become Christians. The ancestors of the Chinese are in a large sense their gods, and they think it their duty to honor and reverence them by acts of worship, consisting of prayer and offering. The spirits of these ancestors are supposed to possess many supernatural powers, and are able to go about and have considerable control over the affairs of earth. If their earthly friends please them with their prayers and offerings, the spirits will aid them in return. If not, these spirits will send sickness, or death, or some misfortune upon them. While these spirits have so much power, they are also dependent upon their friends here for comfort and happiness. The Chinese idea is, that after a person dies, his spirit has the same needs and desires as in this life, but he has no means of supplying these needs, or satisfying his desires, except as his earthly friends provide them for him. Those departed spirits who have no friends to present their offerings of food and clothing, must wander about, miserable with hunger and cold, and they are liable to show their displeasure by sending calamities to the earth.

Some of the little girls who attend school in San Francisco have bound feet. The Chinese think it a mark of superiority for women and girls to have tiny feet. If a foot-bound woman marries, she will usually be the first wife. Unless a man is very wealthy, his other wives will have large feet, and they must yield to the first wife, and the children of the family call her mother. The usual age for commencing to bind the feet is about six years. During the first few months of the process, the binding does not seem to be painful. We see the little girls running about the same as usual, and they do not seem to favor the feet, only when they are washed and rebound. Then they sometimes cry all day. Sometimes they are cross, and the parents will say they are very bad. Others will endure the pain so patiently it is pitiful to see them. They sit and cry all day, but will say but little. After a while the little girls remain in their homes, and do not want to go out. The toes, except the large one, are forced under the foot, and sometimes they decay and drop off. The smallest feet Miss Ames has seen are about three inches in length. Of course these girls are crippled for life.—*Selected.*

### Recessional.

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine;
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe;
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law;
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard;
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord. Amen.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

## Notes.

AS most of our schools began work October 1st, only a few letters have come to us from our teachers. Miss Elma G. Gowan, who has assumed the position of matron at Hartshorn Memorial College, sends a cheery letter telling of her safe arrival at Richmond, and her pleasure at the outlook for the year. This school has Mrs. Amanda Miller Coleman, Miss Finette Jewett, Miss Belle Clark, and Miss Gowan. We expect great things from such a band of workers.

MRS. MATHER and Miss Kinsman are busy at work at Beaufort, S. C. They cannot do all the work that seems to open to them among the wretched people in their midst, but they have a goodly number of girls in the Home, and are encouraged in the work.

OWING to the yellow fever, our teachers at Jackson, Miss., cannot return to their work at present. We are permitted to have them at our association and basket-meetings, and we hope they can begin their work by Christmas.

INTERESTING letters come from all our Indian schools. Miss Pratt, at Indian University, Bacone, Ind. Ter., is greatly encouraged, as school opened Sept. 14th, with fifty pupils. They are all boarders and preparing for positions of usefulness. Already much religious interest has been awakened, and the prayer-meetings are very interesting.

MISS HORNEY, at Atoka, Ind. Ter., writes that the total enrolment is larger than in any previous year. Last year the opening day brought about eighty pupils; this year one hundred and ten. Mrs. Rishel, the sunny "housemother," has not been away through the summer, and has had various cares, but is as cheery as ever. Miss Alyne Goolsby has left the school, and Miss Blanche Willis, her successor, is winning her way to the hearts of the pupils.

MRS. TAYLOR, at Anadarko, opened school Sept. 9th, but a camp-meeting was in progress near the school, and some of the children did not make their appearance until after it was over. One day the school attended in a body. Caddo George, the leading chief of the Caddoes, has taken the Jesus road, and was baptized Sept. 12th.

MRS. W. S. RISHEL, of Velarde, N. M., sends an exceedingly interesting letter concerning the work needed in New Mexico. The school and preaching services are largely attended. There is great need of more teachers and better equipments. We hope next month to hear from all our teachers.

MISS ELIZABETH SEELEY has begun school at State University, Louisville, Ky. A small number of students have enrolled at present. Many more will begin work after October.

SUNDAY, Sept. 5th, was a bright day at the Kadiak Orphanage. At the close of the Sunday school, in the afternoon, Ofdotia Dora Brown, the oldest girl in the Home, was baptized by Rev. C. P. Coe.

THE twentieth anniversary of the organization of our Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society will occur upon Nov. 14th. It has been decided to hold an all-day prayer-meeting in Boston upon the 16th of November, having different hours devoted to prayer upon the various phases of our work. As far as possible we hope the local Circles will make the Home Mission meeting in November a season of special prayer for our work. Look in the denominational papers for place of meeting, and the hour.

CIRCLES are now beginning active work after the rest of the summer. Letters are coming to us asking for schools and individuals for which to sew and work. Do not forget that the names of missionary families are not kept at this office. Only names of schools needing supplies can be sent from Boston.

Do *not* send to the Corresponding Secretary for literature or mite-boxes. Send directly to Mrs. James McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. Do *not* forget to send postage for the same.

Do *not* forget that we need $3,000 to free us from debt, and we have fifty teachers dependent upon the Baptist women of New England for their small salaries. Do *not* vote the money in your treasury to some object, even if worthy, when these faithful workers need your aid.

Do *not* forget to try and increase the club lists of ECHOES, and also single subscriptions, so we can make the paper pay for itself. Many kind words are coming to us from the men of the churches concerning the paper.

Do *not* forget to press the Precious Jewels list in your church. Some have failed to notice the item concerning this important part of our work.

Do *not* forget to pray and labor for the gathering into the kingdom of those whom God has chosen. Has He given us any talents? Let us use them in reaching the lost ones for whom He died.

THE Primary Department of the Sunday school of the Baptist church of Keene, N. H., aided by the Junior Christian Endeavor Society, has packed and sent a box of clothing to Mary Reynolds Lonewolf, in Oklahoma Territory. This little child has the hearts of many of our young people in New England. We hope soon to have a picture of the "wee girlie."

THE Colored Baptist National Convention met in Boston, from Sept. 15th to Sept. 21st. A large delegation of our Baptist brethren and sisters from all over the country were in attendance. We regret exceedingly that we were not informed of this meeting until a few days before it opened its sessions. We would have gladly given our teachers and mission workers a reception in one of our churches. It was a great pleasure to meet the workers, and also to attend some of the meetings. We have great hope for the future of the Afro-American race. We hope and pray that in their work they may not copy the mistakes of the white people by ignoring, or even hating their white brethren, but may they exhibit the spirit of the Master, who laid down his life for the white as well as black. Love for humanity should characterize every Christian life.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Oct. 2, 1897.

IT has been with pleasure and satisfaction that we have entered the narrow stairways and dark hallways to reach the little apartments called homes, to greet for the first time after our summer vacation our little shut-in friends, that years of acquaintance have caused us to love. What a thrill of satisfaction it gives us, as we heard from a union of voices, "Oh, the teacher has come, the teacher has come!" then being met by a number of children, each one pulling you in the direction of her own room. Such joy, pleasure, and satisfaction can be found in none other than in the work of the Master.

Our school work has, for the first time since its organization, met with a little delay. Feeling that it would be to the advantage of the work to be farther into Chinatown,

CHINESE FOOT BINDING.

and being somewhat in the arrears with our rent, and to avoid an increase of it during our vacation months, we gave up our room. At the beginning of our new year, the boys of our evening class, upon whom we rely so much, were not at liberty to give us the needed assistance; hence a delay has occurred; but we hope soon to be even better located than before, and move on with an increased interest and number.

An invitation is given to any one who wishes to accompany me into the heart of Chinatown. We will stop at a certain corner, go down three or four steps, enter a store, pass through a crowd of smoking creatures, into a little narrow hallway, on either side of which are sleeping apartments, sometimes to hear the groans and sometimes to get a glimpse of a sick or dying man. But do not stop one moment; pretend to neither hear nor see any of these things. Moving forward, you soon come into a room, dark and dingy, used as a kitchen; turn to the left, gently knock on a narrow door, and shortly you will be admitted to a low square room, whose only light and sunshine is from a skylight, about a foot square; you will now find yourself in the presence of a pretty little woman, whose feet measure just two and one-half inches from heel to toe. She was brought here as a bride of fourteen, six years ago, and the only evidence we have that she has ever been outside the room is a photograph of her to be seen hanging on the wall. In very hot days, when the heat becomes unbearable, she can enter a small trap-door, descend a short ladder, and find herself precipitated in a cool, dark, damp cellar. Who of us would like to seek relief in such a place? The furnishing of her sitting-room proper consists of three or four chairs, sofa, table, and cupboard. She will greet you with a smile, and say in English, "Sit down." She will listen intently, while you give the bright-eyed servant girl a lesson in the first reader, a little instruction in writing, sing "Jesus Loves Me;" then see the smiles, and sometimes a real laugh, as we unroll the parcel of crazy-patch that they are try'ng to learn to put different stitches upon. Could any of you see or know the pleasure that a few bright pieces of velvet or silk, and a few skeins of fancy-colored threads brings to these two little souls, you would say with me, "O Father, I thank thee that thou hast given me a part in this work."

ELIZA WILLSIE.

IN visiting Chinatown, I find it requires tact and nerve. A lecturer from the foreign field once said it required three things to become a good missionary: "grace, grit and gumption," and if you would go with me one day through the slums of Chinatown, you would fully believe the assertion, and find that every one is not fitted for the place. In the first place, you must learn to know when to speak, and how to speak. If the husband is not a Christian, then you must be doubly careful. If you enter an opium den you must be careful not to see the opium waiter, or you will very likely be denied admittance the next time you call. One of my women, who lives in a dark cellar, without one ray of sunshine, has an opium fiend for a husband. He is a fine scholar, both in his own language and in ours. One day when I called I was received quite coolly. I said to the husband, "Don't you like to have me come?" "Yes," he said, "but I am afraid you will tell about this," pointing to the opium tray. I told him he need have no fear. "I do not come to see you; I leave that business to the police. I am sorry to see you smoke the opium, for I am sure it will kill you, and I shall pray God that you may see the folly of smoking it; but if you will permit me still to call upon your wife, I will never inform the police." I have not a better friend in Chinatown than that man. He is always willing to inform me on any subject I ask him about.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARY.

## Our Chinese Schools.

BUTTE, MONT., Sept. 20, 1897.

CHOOL reopened August 30th, after a short vacation of four weeks. All were glad of a short rest, and were equally glad to return to school again. There are twenty-seven pupils now enrolled, and five of them are new pupils, which is encouraging. Several of them have been in attendance ever since the mission started, eight years ago. It is such a pleasure to teach them, they are always so kind and respectful and well-behaved. A word of reproof is never needed.

There are five teachers, one for each evening of the week, besides Mrs. Whitmore, who is always there. Wednesday evening is the church prayer-meeting, which some of them attend. Thursday evening is the mission prayer-meeting, which some of the members of the church attend, either the teacher, pastor, or some of the laymen leading the meeting; then the Chinese, who are faithful in their attendance, always take part. Most of them learn verses, and repeat them in English. A few offer testimony or prayer in English, but they do this mainly in their own language, as they say they can express themselves better thus. Our Chinese baby, little Huie Quong, is a fine baby, seven months old now. He is a model baby, never cries, and seldom even frets, and is beginning to understand both the Chinese and English languages, and will learn both in time. He is generally to be seen in his father's store, and is quite an object of curiosity, if not of interest, to customers. His mamma is learning to read and write in English, and getting along very nicely indeed, but she cannot be persuaded to go outside of her door. The little girl that lives with them is also learning to read and write, but she does not go to school; her brother attends the public school, as well as the mission. The boys are nice to him, and his teachers are very fond of him, he is such a nice boy.

The boycott gave the Chinese much trouble, until they appealed to the judge of the Circuit Court for protection, and a redress of their wrongs. He issued an injunction on the various Unions which were persecuting them, and they will be brought to trial for interfering with lawful business.

The school year opens encouragingly for the Chinese. The opposition to them is visibly lessened in the church. People generally are interested in their success in the boycott case. There are as many as twenty-five Chinese laundries in the city, all apparently busy. The mission home has been repapered and refitted, and looks very neat and inviting indeed. A new organ has been bought for the Home, upon which two of the boys play very nicely for their meetings. They have the Lord's Prayer, written in Chinese and framed, hanging on the wall, besides mottoes and smaller ornaments. Several of the Gospel hymns are written in Chinese upon cloth, and are hung upon a standard. They are sung to the tunes in the books, accompanied by the organ. The Christian Chinese are very faithful and worthy of all the help that can be bestowed upon them.

MRS. J. WHITMORE.

DEAR FRIENDS AND TEACHERS: It has been reserved for me to close the exercises of this evening, with the few words at my command which can best express our gratitude and affection. It is the fashion of to-day among some to measure the power of the Chinamen to be, to do, and to suffer, by what they see of our outside, an exterior which, to your trained eyes and educated tastes, may not be attractive. Our strange language, our tawny skins, our uniform dress, our ancient customs, and the humble position which we occupy, are themes of amusement, criticism, and often, too, of ill-natured jest. They do not know that the words love, purity, obedience, reverence, and thankfulness, have a meaning in the Chinese language as dear to our hearts as to those of the most refined Americans. It has cost us many long hours of patient labor to give these words so familiar to you, their English pronunciation, but from the first day that we stepped upon your soil we have understood their meaning, as expressed in the smile in your eye, and the kindly tones of your voice whenever and wherever we have met them. When to these have been added, as in the case of my classmates and myself, your efforts to enlighten us upon the great truths of the Bible, of the love of our Heavenly Father, we have no language with which to tell our gratitude but in these simple words: "In Jesus' name we thank you."

Travellers say that the China of twenty years ago is not the China of to-day; that out of the old nation of the past is rising a new one, eager to drink from the same fountain of freedom and knowledge which has made America the brightest land the sun shines on. It was the hand of God that opened the Golden Gate of the Pacific to us, and bade us venture in, and His the voice which commands you Christians to feed our thirsty and starving souls with the riches of His grace. Some of us will go back to China. It is our fatherland, and dear to our hearts. You would not have it otherwise. But we go not as we came. We go to tell our countrymen of Jesus, who died to save us; to plant upon our heathen altars the sacred symbol of the cross; and to teach our brethren that the way to happiness is the way to heaven. We go to teach the songs we have learned here, and when, long years hence it may be, we reap the blessings of the Gospel of Christ, our children's children will have reason to say, as we do, "God bless all Christian teachers, and the friends of Chinese missions."

A PUPIL AT BUTTE, MONTANA.

A CHINAMAN recently died at Neponset, Mass., who would furnish a good example of Christian giving to many of his white brethren who are far richer. He sent $160 to China to establish a Christian school. He sent $300 to his sister there. He collected $1,100 from his Chinese neighbors to found a Chinese orphanage. Last spring he contributed $75 to the church he attended at Neponset. He was continually giving, and his gifts were always liberal.

## Baptist Chinese Mission.

FRESNO, CAL., Sept. 27, 1897.

DEAR MRS. REYNOLDS: We left San Francisco one week ago. On that day I mailed to you photographs of our mission home and of my class, including one or two visitors. Photographs of Goldie were sent at the same time. I intended sending them earlier, but my vacation seemed so full of duties that I neglected doing so. With the exception of a few days, Goldie was with me, and my time was mostly given to an effort to save her. A few days before leaving, a legal paper was signed by both parents, relinquishing all claim to the child, and agreeing that I become her legal guardian. I hold the paper for a little while at the request of the father, before placing it in the hands of a lawyer. I left her with her parents. It seems the father's creditors will not allow him to send the child from the city till they are secured. While with me in San Francisco she was frequently seen in Chinatown, and I took her twice to call upon the family who held her, and from whom I took her in July. There is now an effort being made by which the father may receive a loan for some months. In that way we hope the child will be entirely set free very soon. Some of us must needs be security for the father, or he can never get the loan. I think he will not pay any of it soon, but in time he may pay it all, and if we have made it up, whenever he does return it, it can be used for the child's education. If he fail utterly to pay, the little one will be safe at least. Dear Doctor and Mrs. Hartwell reached San Francisco just before I left. He is very ill. I could not see him. Christians are praying constantly for his recovery, and we believe God will raise him up to help us once more. The children are all left in China.

CHINESE COSTUME.

Our work in the school-room and in the homes will begin very soon. We need your prayers, that we may be used of God to win souls to Himself. I find that several of the Chinese children are in the public school. We had an exceedingly interesting Sunday school yesterday. I found myself very happy teaching my class of Chinamen again. Most of the Chinese are in the vineyards, trying to save the last of the grapes. Although we did not rest this summer, we find ourselves a little stronger than when we left here in July. The change of climate did us good. We realize each day our loving Father's tender care.

S. E. STEIN.

We would say that pictures of Goldie can be obtained, by application to the Corresponding Secretary, at fifty cents each. State whether the picture with Chinese costume, or American costume, is preferred. Any money secured from these pictures will be used to pay the liabilities of Goldie's father.

## A Night and Morning in Chinatown.

A WEIRD trip into darkness and heathenism, so it seemed to the little company under the escort of a policeman in citizen's clothes. Bazars, large and small; provision stores, with unheard-of flesh and fruit for sale; restaurants of all grades, but chiefly of the repulsive order; joss houses, with incense burning before the great images of the gods; opium dens without number, a little room about ten feet by six, with no window, and but one door, accommodating from ten to fourteen smokers, lying in rows upon bamboo tables or divans; dark, narrow, underground passages, leading from one street to another, through which we passed in single file, holding to each other by hand or garment; broken doors and tables in empty rooms, where gamblers had been surprised and routed; all this and more, both in measure and quality, — such was Chinatown by night.

AMERICAN COSTUME.

BLUE skies, bright sunshine; a Chinese church having a membership of eight hundred Christian men and women; a goodly audience, the men on one side of the church, and the women on the other; bright, intelligent, earnest faces, representing all walks in life, from the slave, ex-slave and laundry man, to the wealthy real estate dealer; little children with their mothers, gaily decked with oriental embroideries; hearty responsive reading of the Scriptures in Chinese; singing in English by a quartette of young men; earnest attention to a Gospel message, given in English and repeated in Chinese by an interpreter; Sunday school and kindergarten work, carried on by the Chinese. Such was a morning in Chinatown. What made the difference? The Gospel of Christ.

MRS. A. B. COLEMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 24, 1897.

DEAR FRIEND: In compliance with your request, I will tell you something of my work among the Chinese in this city. The greater part of my time is given to the children. I have a day school of about twenty-five pupils, ages ranging from five to thirteen. These come principally to study English, yet most are glad also to study Chinese. Our pastor, Yong Kit King, teaches Chinese two hours and a half each day. I teach English about four hours and a half daily. We have devotional exercises, in which a Bible lesson is given, or Scripture verses are learned and recited. Gospel songs are sung, and prayer offered. The lessons are sometimes given in English and sometimes in Chinese.

Some songs are in one language, some in the other; the Scripture verses in both. The verses which I select for them are those which contain the fundamental truths of Christianity. I have these recited almost daily, so that all may know at least the plan of salvation, and the love of God for them. On Friday afternoon the Chinese teacher gives a Scripture lesson in Chinese.

On Sunday we gather the children of this school and the kindergarten into a Sunday school. As the parents of nearly all the children are heathen, they do not care about the children coming, so we usually go around just before Sunday school time, and ask them if they are not coming. When the parents see we take so much trouble to have them come, they hardly like to refuse to give their permission, and now we get the greater part to come. On the average we have about forty. This is much better than a few years ago, and we do not find the parents making as many excuses for keeping them home as formerly, both of which are reasons for encouragement. We use the pictures and illustrations of the lessons. Most seem interested, and we find many know considerable of the Gospel, and often take the truths they learn to their homes and repeat them there. These children are just as quick to learn as those of any other nationality. Some especially commit to memory very rapidly.

I wish I might tell you that many of these children are Christians, but as yet there are only a few. But we are praying and expecting to see more come out for Christ. It is very hard for a Chinese child of heathen parents to be a Christian. Not long ago the father of one of our nice little boys told the boy to place incense before one of the idol altars in his home. The boy did not want to do it, so walked very slowly towards the place where it was, and just as slowly got up in the chair to reach it. The father watched him to this point, and understanding his motive, I suppose, then snatching some kind of a stick in his hand, hit him so hard on the side of the head that he fell to the floor almost senseless. Most of the children *at school* will say they want to love Jesus, but few say so at home. About an hour a day, while the Chinese teacher is teaching, I visit in the Chinese homes, and try to tell a few there of the way of life. Some are quite willing to listen, and seem to want to know about the Jesus doctrine, and I believe would become Christians if they felt they were free to act for themselves. But they think they are under the authority of husband, or father, and must still cleave to their idols when their relatives so command. Very lately, one woman said, "I want to love Jesus, but my husband won't let me, but by and by perhaps we will all be Christians." Occasionally we meet a woman who seems to realize she is a sinner and would like to hear of a way to be saved. But often the difficulty is to convince her that Jesus is the only Saviour. She asks, "Have you ever seen Jesus? How do you know He is the true God?" One who asked this question said to me when I saw her last week, "I am bad. I know when I die I shall go to hell." "But," I said, "Jesus does not want you to. He came down to earth because He loved us. He took our punishment by suffering and dying for us. If we believe and trust Him, He will take our sins away." It seemed like good news to her, but she could hardly believe it. There are some who listen because they do not want to be rude, or because they want our help in some way, but seem to have but little interest; yet we are glad to give them some of the Gospel, even in this way, for we know "the entrance of the Word giveth light."

The attitude of the Chinese in general is much more favorable than it was a few years ago, and so we are encouraged to hope we may soon see more coming to Christ.

MARTHA J. AMES,
*Missionary of W. B. H. M. Society.*

A CHINESE opium-joint, visited a little past midnight, appeared like a half-way house to hades. One Asiatic was in the De Quincey dreamland; another was hitting the pipe, and gave us an exhibition of his method — then begged money to buy more opium. We saw the aged Chinamen, for an evening prayer, come out and light up their joss-sticks, whose fire and smoke were supposed to keep away the evil spirits.

OUR little Chinese baby, Huie Quong, is a fat little fellow of four months. At one month his parents gave a big dinner, and invited in all the friends to celebrate their son's birthday. At this time the name is given the child, the hair is generally shaved and the queue started to grow, but in the case of Huie Quong his head was not shaved, as he is an American citizen, and is to be brought up as such. However, he received his name, and an abundance and variety of presents, such as gold bracelets, silks, money, etc. He is a dear baby, and is a great curiosity in his father's store. His people say he is to be a missionary some day.

## Gleanings.

OUR readers will not have forgotten the Hon. W. N. Sheats, Superintendent of Education for Florida, who succeeded in having an unconstitutional law passed by the State Legislature, forbidding mission schools, unsupported by the State, to educate or board white or colored students in the same building, and under the same teachers, nor his unsuccessful attempt last winter to secure the passage of an amended law to the same effect. Although reëlected by a lesser majority, he is likely to go out of office, as he has been elected president of the State Agricultural College.

THE opening of the Klondike field, and the rush of miners, have called the attention of the religious organizations, and the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions has sent two missionaries to Dawson City, the Rev. S. H. Young, of Wooster, Ohio, and the Rev. G. A. McEwen, of Farmington, Mo. Mr. Young has already had experience in Alaska, having been engaged in home missionary work there for ten years. They will proceed to their destination by the Chilkoot Pass.

NOW it is the Russian Church that is looking towards union with the Old Catholics. At the recent annual congress of the Old Catholics in Vienna, Father Janisheff, the father confessor of the Czar, was present, and told the Congress that the Holy Synod had appointed a commission to consider the possibility of the union of the two churches and to promote its realization by every means in its power. He himself was a member of the commission, together with two archbishops and a bishop, who were also members of the Holy Synod, and had been instructed to convey their cordial greeting to the Old Catholics of Vienna. Some interest was aroused by the fact that the local press censor, in looking over a prologue in verse, written for the occasion by a lady, confiscated some references to freedom and concord which it contained.

TO illustrate the disadvantages from which negro education sometimes suffers under the system of separate education, we will take the action of the Board of Education in Augusta, Ga. The six teachers in the white high school receive $6,525 salary; the two teachers in the negro high school received $1,170. The negro high school had sixty pupils last year, and the promotions promised a hundred for this year. But the Board of Education for the city has voted to close the school "for lack of funds," even though they are to receive eight thousand dollars more from the State than last year, and they have the right to levy what taxes they need. Well, we guess that the negroes will raise that money themselves before they will allow the school to be closed.

ANOTHER illustration of the difference between a white man and a negro in Georgia, comes from Macon, Ga. The city has purchased a fine new ambulance with rubber tires and all equipment for the relief of the sick and injured in emergency cases; but only a white man or woman can be carried in the ambulance. Ring up an ambulance, and the question will be asked over the wire: "Is he white or colored?" If he is a white man, the ambulance will come. If he is a colored man, the Black Maria police wagon is sent, with a blue-coated policeman to take the negro to the hospital.

THE direction of the appropriations by Congress for the support of Indian schools under denominational control is likely to lead to the closing of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions at Washington. The new plan is a better one: that the various archbishops shall supervise the education and civilization of the Indians in their territory. An annual collection is taken up in all the Catholic churches in the country for Indian and negro missions, and this ought to be sufficient to carry on the work. It is a very serious question whether the church has not lost ground among the Indians, under the present policy.

ATTENTION has been called of late to the large number of people in Southern California who use the Spanish language, and are in need of evangelistic work. The Rev. A. B. Case, for some years a missionary of the American Board in Mexico, who removed to California on account of his health, has been carrying on an earnest work among them, and speaks of the great opportunity, if only workers could be found. Similarly the *Christian Standard* speaks of the need among the Armenians in this country, among whom there is good opportunity for work, even beyond the extent to which it is given by the Congregational churches.

THERE are 40,000 Poles in Buffalo alone. A Polish Roman Catholic priest has been converted there, and is preaching Christ with good success.

### God's To-morrow.

ON the level stretches of dusty road,
Plodding along 'neath the weary load
Of every-day cares, and doubts, and fears,
'Tis hard to be brave; yet the mist of tears,
By a resolute will kept bravely back,
Though blotting and blurring the onward track,
Pierced by the sunbeams of hope, may follow
The beautiful colors of God's to-morrow.

Be patient, dear, when the hands grow weak,
And the words of cheer that the lips would speak
Falter and die in a voiceless prayer;
For a blossom is folded in every care,
And hidden deep in each doubt of thine,
A dewdrop of truth doth glimmer and shine,
Waiting the light that shall surely follow
The flush of the dawn of God's to-morrow.

To-day may be long and hard to bear,
But God will answer thy yearning prayer.
Each feeble struggle towards nobler life,
Now choked by the weeds of passion and strife,
Each helpful impulse, each lofty thought,
To a glad fruition shall be brought,
When the angels, whom thou hast called Pain and Sorrow,
Shall gently awake thee in God's to-morrow.

— *Mabelle P. Clapp, in Christian Register.*

# American Baptist Home Mission Society.

## Notes.

THERE is a growing disposition, on the part of the more intelligent, sober-minded, and broad-minded colored Baptists of the South, for coöperative relations with Northern Baptists in their missionary work in Africa. This feeling, notwithstanding the utterances of a few ultra race men, will probably find expression in practical forms ere long.

AT Babel the process of separation began; at Pentecost, the process of unification. Racial antipathies should be lost in the strong tide of Christian love.

THE Colored National Baptist Convention, which met in Boston in September, gave an opportunity to many to observe the wonderful progress made by the colored people since their emancipation. White brethren in attendance at the meetings expressed their amazement at the ability shown in the addresses and discussions; and the Sunday congregations of several white Baptist churches of Boston listened with interest and profit to sermons from leading colored ministers attending the Convention. The outlay for the elevation of this race is already bringing large returns, and further sowing will be attended with greater harvests of noble Christian character and achievements.

GOLD, held in the strong grip of hard quartz rock, must be liberated by crushing the rock in stamp mills of tremendous power. Call that rock selfish covetousness, then how shall its gold be got for circulation in the Kingdom of God? Must not the trip-hammer of truth from Christian pulpits pulverize the rock?

THERE is a higher law than that of tithes. It is the law of love. Love laughs at the locksmiths of the law; cannot be bound by their limitations. Love says, not what is the least I *must* give, but, what is the most I *can* give? Love alone understands the words of the Lord Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

MARGARET BOTTOME gave for her last word at Ocean Grove, last month, this sentiment: "When God says to you 'My grace is sufficient for you,' remember that He does not render you a *reservoir*, but a *channel* of His power. It is still '*my* grace.' It is only yours as you abide with Him."
—*J. W. Weddell.*

## "Go Thou and Do Likewise."

HOW did the good Samaritan? Having compassion on the maltreated man, did he say: "I will give him a tithe of my oil and wine and money, and that must suffice?" No; he poured them out freely as needed; and not only so, but went on foot that the unfortunate man of a hated people might ride, stayed by and steadied and cheered him until the inn was reached, paid the innkeeper to take care of him, saying as he departed, "If you spend more than this and are in debt, when I come again I will repay thee." In meeting the religious needs of our neighbors, whether Chinese or Africans, Indians, Mexicans or others, we are to do likewise; help them on their journey, give them our steadying hand, and when we are unable to render personal service, say to the Home Mission Society, "Here is money; take care of them as you think best, and if you get into debt for it, let me know and you shall have more." Love in that Samaritan's heart rather encouraged the innkeeper to go into debt, if he thought the patient's condition required it. When will fervent, compassionate Christian love speak in this manner to a Society which has in its keeping those whom Providence has put in its way? "Debts are to be dreaded." Yes. But the death of a man for lack of a little more money is more dreadful than a debt.

### Limitless Love.

*Tune: Lyons.*

OH, the limitless love of the Saviour of men!
I will sing it and tell it again and again;
From the glory of heaven to the cross and the grave,
He came and He suffered — to seek and to save.

Now His limitless love invites to its feast
Whosoever will come, e'en the lowest and least;
At the door He is knocking, at your heart and mine,
With a yearning compassion, and patience divine.

Ever blessed Redeemer, enter in, enter in,
Bringing pardon and peace, and the cleansing from sin,
And the joy of acceptance — beyond all I dreamed!
By Thy limitless love, I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed!

Oh, tell the glad tidings, proclaim it abroad
Among all the nations and win them to God;
Let the ransomed on earth and the ransomed above
Adoringly sing of His limitless love!

—H. L. MOREHOUSE.

## Mischievously Misleading.

A RECENT article in the *Independent*, alleging that Home Mission work in the West is overdone, has greatly disturbed some who have seen it. The case presented is utterly unfair. To parade the religious condition of a town of 400 population, as if it were a typical case; as if this were the kind of work in which missionary societies are principally engaged, is most mischievous. In Colorado, it is doubtful if there is such a town in which there is a Baptist church along with churches of several other denominations.

*Per contra:* Before me is a list of 26 counties and of 32 county seats in Colorado without a Baptist church or minister. In these are two cities of 3,000 each; three of 2,500 each; thirty from 1,900 to 2,400 each, and forty-eight from 500 to 1,000 each, without Baptist churches or ministers. This ought to be sufficient answer to the charge that Home Mission work is overdone in the West.

Furthermore, the statement that we encourage the organization of churches with only two, three, or five members is untrue. For many years it has been the policy of the Home Mission Society not to encourage the organization of churches unless at least ten members are found, and then where there is reasonable prospect of growth. Much more might be said, but this may be sufficient.

## Our Chinese Mission in Chicago.

FOR several years the Home Mission Society, in coöperation with several Baptist churches of the city, has carried on work for the Chinese of Chicago. The mission premises are the second story of a business building, in the centre of the city. About twenty Chinese were at the Sunday afternoon school, most of them remaining to the preaching service in Chinese. The regular services at night have an attendance, usually, of forty or fifty. The Chinese missionary, Lee Si Tung, is a native of Canton, China, and the son of a deacon in the American Baptist church there. His sister is the wife of the Chinese missionary in New York City. His wife and five children are with him. The oldest boy, about twelve years of age, speaks English well and acts as interpreter for his father, whose knowledge of English is very limited. There are out stations at Englewood and Elgin, which the missionary looks after from time to time. In and around Chicago are about thirty-two Chinese Baptists, who are connected with several churches. They find a bond of union in this mission.

Worthy of all commendation are Mr. Pickett and his daughter, who for years have given themselves, without remuneration, to this work. They feel that this is their divinely appointed mission. Witnessing their devotion to these benighted strangers on our soil, and learning of their zeal and faithfulness in this service, we felt on leaving the place that theirs at last would be a crown brighter far than that of many who fill more conspicuous places in our churches. The Lord be praised for such self-denying laborers, who adorn the doctrines which they represent.

## Chinese Slavery in America.

THE *North American Review* for September contains a startling article with the above heading. It relates to the importation and sale of Chinese women in San Francisco, and is supported by such statements from those connected with missions in that city as to leave no doubt about its truthfulness.

"The large Chinese settlement in San Francisco (about 20,000) has made this traffic in human beings not merely possible, but a business followed as a means of profitable investment, under the protection and patronage of two Chinese Societies, and here, in the heart of an American city, we find one of the best organized slave marts of modern times, fostered by as motley a band of criminals as could be produced in any portion of the uncivilized world; a band numbering at least 3,000, who derive their support directly or indirectly from the sale and barter of female slaves." The writer, Charles Frederick Holder, proceeds to state that, of the 2,500 females in that city, it is estimated that about 1,000 are legitimate wives, "the remaining 1,500 being slaves in the fullest sense; girls kidnapped from their homes in the Orient, brought to America by fraud and imposture, passed through the custom-house under false oaths in fear of death or dire consequences, put up at auction before professional slave-merchants, knocked down to the highest bidder, and condemned, in the majority of instances, to a life under duress in the Chinese brothels of an American city."

Particulars are given of the methods whereby they are lured away from homes in China, and how adroitly the whole nefarious business is managed, so that it is extremely difficult to detect or convict those engaged in it. They are sold at prices ranging from $500 to $3,500. Protestant missionaries in San Francisco have manfully sought to check this business, and after bitter and protracted legal fights have succeeded in extricating and saving some.

"It is difficult, if not impossible," says Mr. Holder, "to present adequately the full horrors of this practice of slavery; yet they should be known, and doubtless the mission authorities will tell the whole story to those engaged in philanthropic work."

To rescue these unfortunates, to coöperate with lawful authority in suppressing this horrible traffic, and to create among the Chinese themselves a Christian public opinion against it, is directly a feature of our missionary work in San Francisco. Can we slacken effort there while such things exist?

"If you are getting lazy, watch James. If your faith is below par, read Paul. If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job. If you are just a little strong-headed, go and see Moses. If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah. If there is no song in your heart, listen to David. If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah. If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you. If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land."

## Work among the Chinese.

I AM here to-night with gratitude to God that the people of this land have let the Gospel light shine, and have taught us how to worship Him and to preach His words to others, and how shall we get that word without a preacher? In the work in California there were twenty-two Chinese missions. While I was there, I took one of them in the week evenings, Ching Kang one, and three of the missionaries took turns in preaching in our central mission on Wednesday evenings, with prayer-meetings Sunday noon, and evening services. After the preaching we gave an opportunity to our brethren to give their moneys.

In 1890 and 1891 we raised over $5,000 for our self-supporting new church in Cañon City. Our missionary society supports two missionaries, who go from place to place establishing preaching-stations and free medical schools.

In 1894, the Lord called me to two neighboring missions, where I preached for one year, and thank God that during that year ninety Chinese were converted. I left California on the 2d of July for Boston. There are more than 2,000 Chinese in the city of Boston, and many of them know nothing of the salvation of Christ, and there is no other name given under heaven whereby men may be saved except by Jesus Christ, who is "able to save to the uttermost." I felt that it was my duty to remain here with my people, and endeavor to bring them to Jesus; and so I stayed here. We have already had ten conversions since I came! One of these converts gave testimony at one of the meetings: "This Holy Bible is like a sweet orange to a man who knows how to eat it. Two men began to eat an orange who never before had tasted of one. One began to eat it peel and all; it tasted bitter and he threw the whole of it away. The other peeled the fruit, ate it, and enjoyed it. We, after the same fashion, find sweetness in this Holy Bible!"—*Congregationalist.*

CHINESE BAPTIST CHAPEL IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A RED-FACED man accosted a delegate to the California Christian Endeavor Convention. He said: "I see by the papers that you people are great on temperance. What do you expect to do? D'ye think you could make a temperance man out of me?" "No, sir," was the answer, "very likely not. But we're after your boy."

## Chinese Lena.

FOR the most part in the language in which the story was told to me by one of the old-time missionaries of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, I give it to the readers of THE ECHOES.

Elenor Simpson, known in Sonora, Cal., as Chinese Lena, was born in China. She was sold by her mother, when she was quite young, as a slave, and brought to this country by her purchasers for purposes of prostitution.

After some years she came to Sonora, where she was taken so seriously ill that she was abandoned in the streets to die. Here she was found by a colored man, Tom Simpson, formerly a slave, who took her to the cabin of a colored woman, Eliza Davis, a member of the Sonora Baptist Church. This woman was, before the war, a slave, but had purchased her freedom by the payment of $1,200 earned by laundry work for the miners.

Here, under the care of Doctor Franklin and "Old Ship Zion," as Eliza Davis was called by the members of the church, a favorite expression of Eliza's in the conference meetings, Lena was restored to health. Soon after, Tom, her rescuer, married her. About this time several young colored women had gathered themselves together for the reading of the Bible, meeting in the afternoon of the Lord's Day. To these meetings both Eliza and Lena were invited. The name of the youngest of these colored women was Lucy Bell, who, though she was not at that time a member of any church, was the only one who could read.

In 1869 Rev. Samuel Hill, commissioned as a missionary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, came to Sonora. Shortly after his arrival he baptized Lucy Bell, receiving her into the Baptist church.

A few weeks afterwards, Mr. Hill was accosted on the street by the Chinese woman, who said, "I want you to baptize me, as you did Lucy Bell." The preacher, although he had noticed the attentive habit at church of Lena, was, nevertheless, startled by her words. "Why, Lena," he said, "why do you wish to be baptized? What do you know about it?" "Oh," said she, "you say, when you baptize Lucy Bell, you say this the way Jesus baptize. I love Jesus, and want to be baptize."

The astonished missionary, on his return to his home,

accosted his wife with, "What next? Lena Simpson wants to be baptized!" Lena was invited to meet the committee of the church, and, as a result, she was accepted for baptism. So soon as it became known that she was to be baptized and unite with the church, all the bitter prejudice of the community was aroused against her. There was not then in the place a Chinese member of any church, although there were several converts among the men. Indeed, on her baptism Lena proved to be the first Chinese woman convert to Christianity baptized in the history of modern Baptist missions, at home and abroad.

Intimations had been given that the baptism would not be allowed to take place, so that there was more or less or alarm on the part of the timid ones.

On the night of the baptism the house was crowded with a company whose curiosity had been thoroughly aroused, and much comment was made concerning the candidate's past position and life; but when the pastor had concluded his sermon from the text, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common and unclean," and when Lena stepped forth in obedience to the exhortation, "Look upon her! a child of the King, cleansed by the blood of Jesus! Look upon her, and remember that he who offends in the least one of these little ones who believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea," and when she rose from the death to the old life of sin to the new life of righteousness, if opposition had been intended, it was silenced from that moment.

For many years she has proved herself by her earnest Christian life to be a child of God. It was interesting after her baptism to watch her in her work, especially among her own people. "You 'fraid of devil; burn blue lights, keep devil off; don't dare go to cemetery at night, 'fraid of devil. I'm no 'fraid; Jesu keep me." Among the vile women of the town she would go with her simple message, "You bad woman, you lose your soul; go to hell, 'less you repent. Jesu forgive me. He save me. He save you, you believe Him."

She gave touching expression of her love of Jesu, as she termed her Saviour. She put to the blush many who professed Christ, and were intellectually her superiors. I do not know whether Lena Simpson is now on earth or not, but what a meeting will that be, when these simple colored folk and their sister from across the sea are united again in the presence of their adorable Redeemer!

FRANCIS T. HAZLEWOOD, D. D.

REV. G. W. Hicks, writing from Elk Creek, Oklahoma Territory, says: "The Indians are learning every year how to proceed in farming. They see how I do, and some try to do likewise. They see my fruit-trees, and they want trees. They look at my alfalfa, and they want seed. I wish I could furnish them seed next spring. They peep over the fence at my garden, and say, 'What is that?' 'Is this good?' 'Give me some onions,' 'some radishes.' They notice when I begin work in the spring, and soon they are about their fields, fixing fences, or cleaning off the ground for plowing."

## Russian Christianity.

IN sending missionaries to Alaska, where the Greek or Russian Church has long been established, and in missionary work among the Russians coming to the United States, it is well for us to understand their need of the true Gospel. As throwing light on the subject, we find in a recent article on "Holy Russia," by a special correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, written from Moscow, the following statements about religion in the heart of Russia:

"Within the Kremlin and close to the Redeemer Gate is the Ascension Convent, founded by Princess Eudoxia five centuries ago, and used until the reign of Peter the Great as the burial-place of the wives and daughters of the Czars. The visitor is conducted from one sarcophagus to another, and is told the names of the Empresses, Regents, and Princesses, and how one was poisoned, and how another was beheaded, or driven into a nunnery. The tombs are covered with moth-eaten velvet palls, fringed with faded silver lace or golden tinsel, and everywhere there are incrustations of the dust of ages. Nuns in black gowns and veils hover about the tombs in congenial darkness, crossing and prostrating themselves before jewelled icons. There is an open coffin near the entrance of the church, and around it there is a pathetic group of mothers with sick children, suffering from wasting diseases. The nun is droning short prayers and making mysterious passes in the air with her hands. Then she takes a baby in her arms and presses it down into the open sarcophagus, until it rests upon the skeleton of a departed saint. The mother, meanwhile, is prostrate upon the pavement, convulsively crossing herself. When she rises to take back the child, she strips off one of the garments, and the nun crams it into the coffin and holds it for a few minutes close to the venerated relics. The garment is then wrapped about the child, and the mother crosses herself devoutly, and with tear-stained face turns towards the doors. This is Holy Russia, saturated with Oriental mysticism and medieval superstition. When one witnesses such a scene he forgets the picturesque Moscow which he has come to see, and thinks only of the degradation and ignorance.

"One of the most conspicuous churches for bizarre effects is the little Iberian chapel at the Resurrection Gate, where the Czars pause for silent prayer before entering the Kremlin. There the Holy Iberian Mother is enthroned among diamonds and pearls, with angel heads around her; and every hour of the day there is a crowd of pilgrims and worshippers prostrating themselves on the pavement before the miraculous icon from Athos. The picture is carried in a coach-and-four to the beds of the sick, to marriage feasts, to the baptism of children, and wherever a special blessing is required for those willing to pay well for it. Marvellous is the conjuring power of religious pictures over the Russian mind! Thousands pay their homage to the Iberian Mother every day, burning their tapers and kissing the picture with every sign of faith and adoration. Moscow seems to be wholly given up to the kissing of icons and bones, and this habit can hardly fail to be one of the commonest sources of contagious diseases."

## The Religious Trend in Quebec.

THE results of the last two electoral campaigns in the Province of Quebec have shown, beyond a doubt, that the people are no longer willing to be dictated to by their priests in political matters, and may have led some to imagine that the French Canadians were on the point of breaking away altogether from their Church, and of entering the ranks of Protestantism. Not so at all. The people have claimed the liberty to join the political party of their choice, to vote for whichever representative they liked, but they have by no means intended to show distrust in their Church. They believed their leaders wrong in supporting this party instead of that one, but they never in any instance blamed the Church for it.

The title of "Eldest Daughter of the Church," which old France bore for centuries, could to-day be fittingly applied to the Province of Quebec. From the beginning of their existence as a people, these French Canadians have rightly been spoken of as a religious people. History bears them this testimony. Time, which brings so many changes, has not yet altered to any great extent the devotion of the people to the Church of their fathers. A glance at the Province would convince anybody of the truth of this statement.

Nine hundred churches, valued at over $37,000,000, scattered through the country; 900 parsonages, with the palaces of the cardinal, archbishops, and bishops, the whole valued at $9,000,000; twelve seminaries, worth $6,000,000; seventeen classical colleges, $850,000; 259 boarding-schools and academies, $6,000,000; 800 convents, $4,000,000; and sixty-eight hospitals and asylums, $4,500,000; a total of $61,950,000 in church property, all erected and maintained by the contributions of a small and by no means rich people, serve as a proof of what has been said. People do not give to nor pay for things in which they are not interested.

The regular attendance of young and old at church services, the immense throngs of people yearly crowding to the shrines of Notre Dame des Lourdes, Ste. Anne de Beaupre, St. Blaise, and others, in the hope of obtaining bodily and other blessings; the crosses standing along country roads, around which can be seen, almost every night during the month of Mary (May), men, women, and children kneeling and repeating their beads, further establish the fact.

Although the people, generally speaking, are religious, much attached to their Church, and ready to fight for it, we must acknowledge that a full acceptance of the dogmas of the Church, and the practice of its teachings, are to be found only among women (more especially those educated at the convent), children, and the most illiterate.

By an abuse of their power, as well as by their conduct, sometimes shameful, the clergy are driving many of the faithful into open rebellion and infidelity. What took place in France may happen here unless the pure Gospel is preached and accepted.

Among the educated class, a great many have lost confidence in their Church and in religion — the two things are one in their minds — and such are seldom, if ever, seen in the confessional, and almost never with beads in their hands. This I noticed, not long ago, while attending the funeral of an uncle. Among those present were the Prime Minister of the Province, two judges, and several lawyers and physicians. While others turned their rosaries in their hands, these remained motionless, listening, with more or less interest, to the music. Not one of them used their beads. Let us trust it was because secretly they had no faith in the "vain repetitions," knowing full well they would not be heard for their "much speaking." — *The Canadian Baptist.*

## Do These People Need the Gospel?

IT is now more than three and a half centuries since Jacques Cartier landed with the first settlers for Quebec, bringing with him the first priest who celebrated mass in Canada.

It was about a century later that the real founder of our country, Samuel de Champlain, brought to New France its first missionaries — the Recollet Friars and the Jesuits.

Magnificent missionaries in many respects these first Jesuits were. More devoted men never lived. They knew how to plant a cross, and when necessary how to die for it. They founded schools for the girls, and hospitals for the sick. They did not hesitate to cut themselves loose from the comforts of civilization and plunge amongst the native tribes, at the constant risk of their own lives, in order to carry to the filthy nomads the knowledge of a true God; of Jesus Christ, His Son; of Mary, the "Mother of God and of Jesus;" of the Pope; the "Holy Catholic Church;" of the seven sacraments, beads, images, indulgences, holy water, worship of saints, etc.

The first mass was chanted at Stadacona, in 1535, by order of Jacques Cartier, for the purpose of obtaining deliverance from scurvy, then very prevalent. It was celebrated before the image of the Virgin Mary, and was accompanied by a procession of all those who were able to walk, over ice and snow, to this image of the Virgin, as we still frequently see it done in the Catholic processions and pilgrimages so common in our Province.

As the work of the first Roman Catholic missionaries was begun, so for the following centuries it has been continued, to the present day, with perhaps this difference — that the clergy of to-day are not so much opposed to all bodily comfort as were the Canadian missionaries of three hundred years ago. Indeed, it would appear that they are more likely to go to the other extreme.

But the question for us to decide is, whether the priests and emissaries of Rome and of Catholic France, either in the past or in the present, have really given the Gospel to our people, and if so, have they given it with sufficient clearness? To this query I answer, most emphatically, No.

Without doubt the Roman Catholic missionary brought to these shores a knowledge of some of the most essential Gospel truths, such as the existence of God, and the work of Jesus Christ for mankind; but he has not taught even

these essential truths in their purity. Side by side with them he has taught a tremendous amount of idolatry, superstition, and pagan belief and worship, both to the white and to the aborigine. Along with a portion of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, he has brought to our dear land large portions of the teachings of the medieval European races, the Mohammedans, the Thibetans, the Hindoos, and other religions equally false.

What indeed composes the main part and most intimate substance of the religion of the mass of our French Canadian people, if not the worship of supposed holy dead men and women, and of material objects of all kinds, from the gold-plated image of Jesus crucified to the piece of unfermented bread and the cup of intoxicating wine, with which

OUR LADY OF GUADALOUPE.

the body, soul, and divinity of our Lord are identified upon the altar?

Surely no child of God will consider this an equivalent for the pure Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Yet there are very many who speak as though the Romanists had no need of evangelizing efforts to be made for their salvation, and whose acts accord with their words.

One other thing I wish to state: Not only have the priests, by their inventions and false teachings, darkened the light of the Gospel among our people, but they have generally and as a whole done all in their power to take away entirely from these people the Word itself, by forbidding them, under pain of eternal damnation, to read it, by tearing it and trampling it under their feet, burning it, etc. With these briefly stated facts staring us in the face, does it not seem like the most cynical irony to ask us whether these people need the Gospel? Certainly they need the Gospel; need it badly, need it quickly. In view of these things, how great, how solemn are the responsibilities resting upon the Baptists of this country.— *The Canadian Baptist.*

WE must turn to Mexico for an example in dealing with what has been called "wild" justice —Mexico, which has been so often stigmatized as the home of turbulence, violence, and revolutions. Observe the way it has treated the only case of lynching said to have occurred in its capital. The beloved President of the Republic was in danger of assassination; the would-be assassin was in custody before he could see his murderous-looking knife; the police quietly took him to jail; the following night he was taken from jail and killed. What does the Government, whose head had been threatened, say? It served him right? He deserved it? It is a good riddance? Nothing of the kind. It investigated immediately; found that the guard placed around the jail was unarmed; inquired why this was so; found facts implicating the chief of police; placed him under arrest and degraded him from his office; pressed him and secured his confession that he had instigated the killing of Arroyo out of his love for President Diaz; showed its stern purpose to vindicate the outraged law; in disgrace and despair he commits suicide. Does the matter end there? Not at all. The Government straightway inquires why the warden was so slack in duty. He ought to have kept watch on the prisoner and prevented him from making away with himself and cheating justice. Here is an example for us; a wholesome, encouraging, helpful example, in upholding the honor of law. It is heartily approved by the Mexicans themselves, and its effect among them will be most salutary and lasting. Governor Mount, of Indiana, is proceeding in a most energetic way to start again the machinery of justice in Ripley County. The grand jury refused to find an indictment against the leaders of the lynching mob at Versailles, although they were known to it, and the crime was atrocious. He has ordered the Attorney-General of the State to go to the county seat himself, and take the matter in hand, and see whether the law has not some power left to reach and punish murder. We trust that, somehow, the honor of County and State will be vindicated, as in Mexico.

ATOKA, IND. TER., Sept. 14, 1897.

You remember that Kiowa Bill watched by the tent of Mrs. Lancaster several nights, a long time ago, to protect her from harm during her husband's absence. Some time ago I was at the Lone Wolf Mission. He was present, and made a little address. I give you the substance: "You are my friend. I shake your hand, and tell you I am your friend. You have talked straight to me and my people. I believe your words, and desire to walk in the way you are going. Even those who are not Christians love you. I want you to pray for me. I want to love your Jesus. We are all coming to the Jesus road. Talk to Jesus for us. I am a poor man, but I desire to give you these nickels for Jesus' work."

He laid six nickels on the table. He has very great obstacles to his coming out as a Christian, but I trust he will come.

J. S. MURROW.

**To give ourselves to thee, to blend**
**Our weakness with thy strength, O Lord, our Friend,**
**This is life's truest privilege and end.** —*Susan Coolidge.*

# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

## Our Girls.

### A Chinese Girl's Wedding.

THE glimpse of a Chinese girl's life, not as she is way over in China, but as we find her in our own country, will interest our American young women.

The little one's arrival is looked upon with more favor in this country than is the arrival of a little girl in that far Eastern land. She is brought up very quietly in the home, not often allowed on the street, and very seldom playing with other children. Respect for her parents is one of the foundation-principles instilled in the baby heart; consequently, she is very easily controlled. Months lengthen into years, her life varied by very little change, until at length she comes to the marriageable years, which here, among the Chinese, is from thirteen to fifteen. She has probably seen very few men, and in this matter of selecting a husband she is not in any way consulted.

A man who wants a wife makes a money offer to the father. If the amount suits the father, the bargain is immediately struck, and preparations for the marriage begin. One case, in particular, was given by one of our missionaries. A Chinese man, a gambler and not of a good reputation, saw one of our pretty Chinese girls, thirteen years old, and decided that she was the one he wanted for his wife. He addressed himself to the father, offering $1,200 for her, and the offer was accepted. He engaged rooms and fitted them up for the reception of his child-wife. After all was ready, he brought her to her new home. At an American wedding there is always some woman with a loving heart and deft, tender fingers to help in the numberless ways that help is needed; but here the bride was the only woman, unless it may be some paid assistant. We were invited up to the rooms for a moment, and there saw a bit of the marriage ceremonies. Very, very different it is from anything an American bride looks forward to. The little bride was arrayed in costly garments. The husband and all his men friends were in their best — they laughing, smoking, and talking, and she sitting on a stool in the corner of her bedroom, not joining in the festivities. For three days she is not allowed to sleep or rest her body either on the bed or couch. She must from every one hide her head in shame.

At some time during the ceremony she must appear before ten witnesses, cousins of her husband. Each one, in turn, questions her, and she must answer him, in regard to her clothing, its cost, etc.; where her gifts came from; how much her father received for her; and, in fact, her possessions are looked over, and she herself is brought into such publicity as would frighten even an American girl, much more a timid little Chinese girl.

The husband gives great feasts to all his cousins, who are legion, and to his friends. Of course, the cost is very great, but usually he makes money by the transaction, for as rapidly as the dishes are emptied at the table, the guests are expected to fill them with money wrapped in paper. It is contrary to custom to give anything as small as a copper. Yesterday only, a great wedding feast was given here in Chinatown — the little bride having come on from Oregon to meet her husband, whom she had never seen — where there were thirty-one tables, set at a cost of twenty dollars per table. From that you may judge of the scale upon which they entertain at these feasts. But in all this display the little frightened bride has no part. She sits alone in her corner, shrinking, frightened, aching from the cramped position, hiding her head in shame. The future is all unknown to her; her husband she knows not, nor what life with him may mean. There is no one to whom she may turn for sympathy. Do you wonder that our hearts ache for her, and that we long to bring to each one of these timid little child-women, the glad message that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that He might be unto us a Saviour and an Elder Brother — a very present help in the time of need?

Everything at the Chinese marriage, even the bride's veil, is red, for this color indicates joy, and white, grief.

A CONVERTED Chinese was so earnest in his efforts to help his own people that good men said of him, when he died, "He was the best Christian in Dakota." These converted Chinese are the most generous givers in the world.

# Our Little Folks.

## Two Little Maids

I KNOW a winsome little maid
So fair to see,
Her face is like a dainty flower;
So lovingly
She looks upon this world of ours,
And all who pass,
That sweet contentment makes beautiful
My little lass.

I know another maiden well —
She might be fair;
Her cheek is like a rose-leaf soft;
Like gold her hair;
But ah! her face is marred by frowns,
Her eyes by tears;
For none can please. I dread to think
Of coming years.

Would you, dear, grow to beauty rare
In thought and deed?
Then learn the lesson these two teach
To those who heed;
And in your heart, as life begins,
Give this truth place:
'Tis only lovely thoughts can make
A lovely face.

— *St. Nicholas.*

## An Evening with the Chinese.

THE present number of the Chinese in America; where settled; their women and children; our missions among them; their influence upon foreign missions, may be treated in short papers. Mrs. McWhinnie, from the rooms in Boston, will send leaflets to help in these topics. The manners, customs, and religion of the Chinese; their arts and inventions, may also form the subjects of papers. The *Little Worker* speaks of a missionary social, wherein, by the use of a stereopticon, a young man, dressed in Chinese costume, exhibited pictures that illustrated the papers given, accompanying them with an instructive talk, and gives us further suggestions in these words:

"The room was prettily decorated. At one side was a pagoda tastefully draped with yellow and white bunting. In the centre of the room there hung, a short distance from the ceiling, a large Chinese parasol. At intervals along the side Chinese lanterns were fastened. Lanterns were also suspended from the ceiling near the sides of the room, and along the walls were fastened Chinese pictures, maps of that vast empire, and Chinese kites made of white muslin and gayly decorated with bows of bright-colored tissue-paper.

"From under the pagoda refreshments were served, consisting, appropriately, of rice and milk, tea and cocoa, banquet wafers, sliced oranges, cake, and dates. Five young ladies, dressed in Chinese costumes, served these refreshments. Fifteen cents charged for the same obtained money for the purchase of a missionary library."

## A Chinese Tea.

THE exchange mentioned in the previous article gives us hints for a tea which may follow a course of study upon the Chinese. This tea may be preceded by a Chinese match, conducted like a spelling-match, only instead of spelling words, each member gives a fact about the Chinese in America, and if a new fact cannot be given, the member loses his place. These details are suggested:

"For the tea, arrange upon a small table a few Chinese decorated teacups, with a dish of small rice balls, a dish of animal crackers, and a dish of Chinese nuts, if they can be procured from some friendly laundryman. Let a few of the older girls serve the band, group by group, as at a reception. If very weak tea is served in the decorated cups, and the rice balls are eaten with chopsticks, and some of the queer nuts are given to each child, they will think that they are having a very nice time indeed. While the groups are being served, the rest of the band can be entertained by missionary stories about China, or by games."

## How One Band Succeeded.

HAVE any of our young people ever tried a Chinese entertainment? Yes, indeed; we have just heard how a good lady, who loves the children, and wants them trained to enjoy doing mission work, has gathered together into a Mission Band a large number of little folks in Jewett City, Conn. Mrs. Swift prepared the children for a Chinese entertainment, into which they entered with great zeal, doing everything so well that the affair was a great success. Forty-two dollars and eighty cents were secured as a result, and one-half of the sum went to our Treasurer to help send some missionary teacher to tell those who do not know about Jesus the sweet story of His love for them.

Picture used by courtesy of *Tidings*.

CHINESE BOY AND GIRL FROM CALIFORNIA.

## The Children's Pledge.

Oh, dear little children whom we cannot see,
At home or abroad, where'er you may be,
We love you, and so we have made a fine plan:
We're going to help you as fast as we can!
Your dear little faces are looking this way,
Your dear little brown hands reach towards us to-day,
And this is the secret we'll tell far and wide —
With you our best things we are going to divide!
We'll send you our Jesus — He's your Jesus, too;
We wish all your mammas knew how He loves you!
We'll send you our Bible; then, when you are grown,
You never will worship those idols of stone.
The light that shines here you will see by and by,
If to send it in earnest we little folks try;
So we're saving our pennies and praying each night
That we may help make your lives happy and bright.

— *Ex.*

## From a Chinese Pupil.

ONE of the regular attendants at the school in Butte, Montana, writes:

DEAR FRIENDS: I was entered the mission school about six years now. First time I go to school I no think I come Christian. Because I use to be worship the idols. I think no other Gods. I very glad go to school for my teacher is so kindness. She teach me study the English, and study the Bible, learn about Jesus. I am glad found only one true God in heaven. I give my heart to Jesus. I believe Jesus, the Son of God, be baptized three years ago. I feel so happy, found the right way go to heaven. I thankful Woman Home Mission Society help our school every year. Our mission here have meetings twice a week, Sunday evening and Thursday evening. The school have scholars between fifteen to eighteen every night. We pray God bless the officers who are doing mission work doing more and more. God's Christ said, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations." We hope you pray for our mission, our teacher, God bless her, give her the strength teach our school, doing God's work. May be bring more come Christian. God bless you and all. I no know how write the letter. I just like little child begin learn talk. I hope you excuse me. Your brother of Christ,

LEE ON.

## Kah's Temper Cure.

KAH is a Chinese boy in an American home in San Francisco. Up with the sun every morning, he does his work so quietly, quickly, thoroughly, and so cheerfully that he is a perfect comfort and joy to all about him.

One day not long ago, the lady who employs him said, "What a happy boy you are, Kah. Do you never feel cross?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I tell you about it. Some time I feel closs, just like somebody in my heart tie a string tight all 'lound it, and it get tighter and tighter, so I can't talk. Then I lun, lun quick up to my loom (room) and ask God please untie the string, and He does, and then I all light again." — *Children's Work.*

## Mission Band Lesson No. VII.

### The Chinese.

QUES. How many Chinese are there in the United States?

Ans. About 107,000. Nearly all have come from the province of Canton, in China.

Ques. Do the Chinese bring their religion and customs with them?

Ans. There are many "joss houses," or heathen temples in America. There are homes like those in China. We have seen in Chinatown New York little girls who had their feet bound so tightly that their toes were under the soles of their feet, and who walked as awkwardly as if they were on stilts.

Tell something about a Chinese girl's wedding, as described on the page for "Our Girls."

What does "Lee On," a pupil in one of our mission schools, tell us in our own department this month?

## The Little City Missionary.

IERETTE was only a little girl. Her mother was an actress in a theatre, and would often come home at night very drunk, and beat poor Pierette, and make her feel very miserable. There was no one to care where she went, so all day long she wandered about the streets of Paris, sometimes begging a *sou* from the passers-by, or watching the children as they played in the streets or ran races along the boulevards.

One day it rained all the morning, and the child got thoroughly wet. But towards the afternoon it cleared off, and the children flocked out in the Bois de Boulogne (a beautiful park in Paris) to roll their hoops along the broad walks, and play hide-and-seek. My little readers know what fun that is.

Well, Pierette sat down in a sunbeam, and watched them there.

But by and by a little English girl, with yellow hair and great blue eyes, saw her sitting there so sadly, and felt sorry for her; so she stole over to her, with her sweet eyes full of pity, and said gently, "What is it, little girl? Can I do anything for you? What makes you look so sad?"

"I don't mean to," said Pierette, humbly looking up into the child's face. "Tell me how *you* feel happy. I don't think I know how."

Little Bessie Wentworth looked mystified. What a strange thing it was not to know how to be happy!

"Does nobody love you?" was the next question.

"Nobody," said Pierette.

"Oh, yes, One does," said Bessie, suddenly, her sweet eyes lighting up; "the dear Lord loves you."

"Who is He?" said Pierette, wondering.

"Not know who Jesus Christ is? Oh, you poor little girl! Well, then, I will tell you," said Bessie, earnestly.

So, standing there in the sunlight the little missionary told the old, old story, which you have heard ever since you were babies, "of Jesus and His glory; of Jesus and His love"—wonderful chimes that have rang on for so many ages, and will ring on for so many more!

"Mam'selle Besse, Mam'selle Besse, what are you doing there with that beggar child? Come right away!"

This exclamation came from her nurse, who had been taken up with the baby, and had not before noticed Bessie.

"Remember," said the child, as she moved off, "come here to-morrow. I will be expecting you." And she bounded off to join her companions.

Happy Pierette! What a different world it was now when she knew somebody loved her. Back she pattered among the gay streets, keeping her secret warm in the little lonely heart. She toiled up the rickety stairs that led to her home, and turned the subject over and over in her mind. "I wonder if mother would like to hear of it," she thought; "I don't believe she ever did."

That night her mother came home sober, for a wonder, and Pierette told her all the sweet, strange story, which she knew now almost by heart.

Her mother listened moodily, and Pierette thought she was not attending. But she was mistaken. When Pierette went to bed that night she could not sleep. She tossed and turned, and dreamed dreadful dreams, and when morning came she was in a high fever. Her mother said she had taken cold, and heated something on the tiny, worn-out stove, and gave it to her. She then said good-by, and went and shut the door, for she had to go. But this was only the beginning of a great many weary weeks of sickness.

Bessie Wentworth waited day after day in the Bois de Boulogne for her little friend, but she never came.

And at length there came a day when Pierette whispered — she was too weak to do anything but whisper now — "Mother, I think I am going to the dear Saviour who loves me so. Tell the little mam'selle when you see her."

And then the angels who had been waiting for her bent down and carried her far above the close room and the crowded city, to that other City where His little ones always see His face.

The poor mother cried. Yes, for she *had* a soft spot in her heart, though nobody knew it. And by and by the sweet Gospel of Peace, which her child had told her about, stole into her heart, and she was a changed woman from that time.

And now, dear little children, there are a great many Pierettes in this world; a great many lonely ones, who do not know of Jesus.

God grant that you may be a little Bessie, to lead some lost, forsaken one to the Saviour's feet.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

## Needs.

WICHITA Baptist Mission, Anadarko, O. T.:—Pants for five boys between the ages of six and ten years, and for six boys between the ages of twelve and seventeen. Aprons, or the material of which to make them, brown towelling, black elastic, three-quarters of an inch in width. Shoes and long stockings for boys and girls.

Indian University, Bacone, I. T.:—Towels, pillow-slips, sheets.

AT the October Board meeting the following directors were confirmed: Mrs. J. E. Sweetland, Natick, Mass., Director of the Framingham Association; Mrs. Ada E. DeWitt, Natick, Mass., Assistant Director of Framingham Association; Mrs. Ella D. Lamson, of Portland, Maine, Assistant Director of Cumberland Association; Mrs. H. A. Stevens, East Machias, Maine, Director of Washington Association.

MISS AMES thinks that in some respects the work among the Chinese is more encouraging than for some time. Schools are quite well attended, and a good number attend the preaching service. They seem more willing to listen to the Gospel in their homes than formerly. During the past year there have been seven baptisms in the Baptist church in San Francisco.